ACCEPTANCE

A Philosophical Novel

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First Edition — 2026

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I don't know exactly when I began questioning things.

Perhaps there was never a beginning. Perhaps some people simply grow up with a mind that refuses to leave certain questions alone.

I have spent a great deal of time thinking about things that probably would have been easier left untouched. Why people suffer. Why we expect so much from one another. Why we become attached to things we already know we cannot keep. Why love can feel like both shelter and imprisonment. Why a person can have everything they once wanted and still feel that something is missing.

I suppose this book came from those thoughts.

I have borrowed from people I have loved, people I have lost, people who stayed, and people who did not. They may never recognize themselves in these pages. Perhaps that is for the better. But every person we encounter leaves something behind in us, even if it is

only a question.

I don't know whether this book has answers.

I don't think I have many myself.

What I have are questions, and a strange willingness to sit with them longer than most people probably would.

Maybe that is what this book really is.

Not an answer.

Just a question that refused to leave.

— Yuri Salbirong Ch. Momin

INTRODUCTION

This is not a book about becoming emotionless.

It is not a manual for turning yourself into someone who never cries, never becomes jealous, never fears, and never suffers. I have never believed that such a person would be stronger. Perhaps they would simply be less human.

Acceptance begins somewhere more uncomfortable.

It begins with looking at life as it is instead of continuously demanding that it become what we imagined it should be.

Mishi is not a philosopher in the traditional sense. She does not stand above life with perfect answers. She is inside it. She wants things. She loves. She becomes jealous. She worries about not being enough. She thinks about death. She is hurt by the opinions of others. She contradicts herself.

That is precisely why she can question philosophy honestly.

At the center of her journey is a Stoic idea: there are things within our power and things outside it. We cannot command another person's thoughts, force someone to love us, undo the past, guarantee tomorrow, or bargain with death. But we can examine our judgments, choose our actions, and decide how we meet what arrives.

That distinction sounds simple until life asks us to practice it.

It is easy to say that another person's opinion does not matter until someone insults you. It is easy to say that you accept uncertainty until the person you love becomes uncertain. It is easy to say that you cannot control the future until the future takes something from you.

Mishi's philosophy therefore does not arrive as a set of rules. It arrives through contradiction, disappointment, desire, and reflection.

She learns that expectation can turn a hope into a demand. She learns that acceptance is not approval. She learns that emotions can be real without becoming commands. She learns that love does not require ownership. She learns that pleasure can be enjoyed

without becoming a condition for peace.

And eventually she faces the question that no philosophy can completely answer: death.

She does not pretend to know what lies beyond it. Perhaps that uncertainty is important. A philosophy that requires certainty about everything would leave very little room for being human.

Acceptance, then, is not the conclusion that everything is good.

It is the courage to say: This is what is here.

And after saying it, to ask the only question that remains within our hands: What will I do now?

A NOTE ON THE PHILOSOPHY

The ideas in this novel are influenced by Stoic philosophy, particularly the distinction between what belongs to our control and what does not, and the importance of examining our judgments rather than surrendering to every impulse.

But this novel is not intended to be a historical reconstruction of Stoicism, nor is Mishi meant to represent a perfect Stoic. The story uses philosophy as a living question rather than a finished doctrine.

The ancient Stoics wrote in a world very different from ours. Mishi lives in a world of her own, and her questions are personal. Where philosophy gives her a language for suffering, she must still decide what that language means in her own life.

Most importantly, acceptance in this book should not be confused with passivity. Accepting that something has happened does not mean approving of it. Accepting another person's freedom does not mean tolerating cruelty. Accepting fear does not mean obeying it.

Acceptance is the recognition of reality; what follows is still a matter of choice.

The book is therefore less interested in teaching the reader what to think than in asking the reader to examine what they already think.

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CHAPTER I

The Weight of Expectation

Mishi had never understood why people were so surprised by disappointment.

They spoke of it as though disappointment were an accident, an unfortunate visitor who had entered through the wrong door. They said that life had betrayed them, that people had changed, that things should have gone differently.

Mishi had always suspected that the word should was responsible for more misery than people admitted.

There were evenings when she would sit by the window long after the room had gone dark and remember things that had never happened. Conversations she had rehearsed. Apologies she had expected. Meetings that had been supposed to last forever and had ended in an ordinary afternoon.

The strange thing was that the memory of these things hurt her almost as much as real memories did.

Perhaps the mind did not care whether a wound had happened in the world or only inside it.

She wondered about this one night while rain pressed itself against the glass.

She had been waiting for someone.

She would not later remember how long. An hour, perhaps. Maybe less. Waiting has its own way of making minutes dishonest.

At first she was calm. Then she checked the time. Then again. Then she began inventing reasons. Perhaps the person was busy. Perhaps something had happened. Perhaps they had forgotten. Perhaps they no longer wished to come.

By the time the clock had moved another ten minutes, she had already lived through several different futures.

When the message finally arrived, it contained an apology and a simple explanation.

Nothing terrible had happened.

Mishi stared at the screen for a while.

She felt foolish, but not because she had waited.

She felt foolish because of everything she had suffered while waiting.

The event itself had been almost harmless. It was her expectation that had made it heavy.

That was the evening the thought first occurred to her with any seriousness: perhaps suffering did not always come from what happened. Perhaps sometimes it came from the distance between what happened and what we believed was supposed to happen.

She did not know that the old philosophers had already spent centuries walking around that thought.

She only knew that it frightened her.

Because if it were true, then she had been carrying a great deal of her own suffering.

Not all of it, certainly. Pain was real. Loss was real. There were things no philosophy could make painless.

But expectation had a peculiar cruelty. It made a promise without asking whether reality had agreed to it.

A person says, She will stay.

Another says, If I work hard enough, I will succeed.

Another says, If I am good to them, they will be good to me.

None of these sentences are absurd.

That was precisely the problem.

They sound reasonable enough to become beliefs.

And once a belief becomes an expectation, the world is no longer allowed to surprise you without becoming your enemy.

Mishi began to see the distinction between wanting and demanding.

Wanting was harmless, almost beautiful. A person could want love, pleasure, success, friendship, recognition. There was no virtue in pretending to be above desire.

But demand was different.

To want was to say, I hope.

To demand was to say, It must happen.

One left room for life.

The other left none.

She began to understand why the Stoics had been so concerned with control.

People had reduced the idea to something almost lifeless. They imagined a Stoic as a person who did not care. Someone whose face remained still while the world burned around them.

Mishi disliked that picture.

It seemed less like strength than illness.

If a person no longer cared about anything, what exactly had they conquered?

The Stoics, she discovered, were asking something harder.

They were asking a person to care without becoming enslaved by what they cared about.

You could love somebody and still remember that they were not yours.

You could want success and still know that the result was not entirely yours.

You could be insulted without handing the person who insulted you the keys to your mind.

Mishi found the last one especially useful.

Once, a person had insulted her in front of several others. It was not even an original insult. Mishi remembered thinking that the person had worked very hard to produce something so ordinary.

Still, it stayed with her.

That was the humiliating part.

The person had spoken for perhaps ten seconds. Mishi had continued the conversation for months.

She replayed the words. She imagined better answers. She wondered what the others had thought.

She hated the person. Then she hated herself for caring what the person thought.

Eventually she understood the absurdity.

The insult belonged to the other person's mind.

Why had Mishi moved it into her own?

The other person was entitled to their opinion. They were not entitled to Mishi's peace.

That distinction did not make cruelty acceptable. A person could leave. She could resist. She could protect herself. She could refuse to forgive.

But there was a difference between resisting someone and allowing them to remain inside you.

The first could be strength.

The second was surrender.

Mishi began to suspect that acceptance was another word people misunderstood.

She had once imagined acceptance as saying, “I am fine with this.”

But that was not acceptance.

Acceptance was closer to saying, “This is what is here.”

Nothing more.

Nothing less.

She thought about a thief she had once imagined. The thief knew that he stole. He knew why he stole. He did not invent excuses for himself.

There was nothing noble about him.

But there was something honest.

Mishi found that honesty disturbing because it exposed something about herself. People could not change what they refused to see.

A jealous person who insists she is not jealous cannot examine her jealousy.

A frightened person who insists she is fearless cannot understand her fear.

A person who says, “I do not care,” when she cares desperately has not conquered her emotion. She has only hidden it.

Emotion itself did not seem mysterious to Mishi. The body produced signals. The brain reacted. Memory, instinct, chemistry, experience—all of it moved beneath consciousness like machinery beneath a house.

Knowing that did not make an emotion unreal.

It only meant that feeling something was not the same as having to obey it.

You can feel jealousy and refuse to become cruel.

You can feel anger and refuse to become destructive.

You can feel fear and still walk forward.

The feeling arrives.

What happens afterward is where a person begins to reveal herself.

There was, however, one fear Mishi could never quite reason away.

Not being enough.

She could never say exactly what enough meant.

Enough for her family? Enough for the people she loved? Enough for the future? Enough for herself?

The word had no border.

That was why it could never be defeated.

Someone praised her and, for a moment, she felt worthy.

Someone ignored her and the old question returned.

Perhaps I am not enough.

But why should another person's decision become a measurement of her existence?

The question did not remove the pain of rejection. Philosophy was not medicine for every wound.

It merely separated two things Mishi had been confusing.

Someone can fail to choose you without proving that you are unworthy of being chosen.

Someone can misunderstand you without proving that you are impossible to understand.

Someone can leave without proving that you were meaningless.

This was where love became difficult.

Love was perhaps the strongest argument against pretending that one had mastered attachment.

When you love someone, you know they are free. You know they can leave. You know that nothing human lasts forever.

And still you stay.

Still you become jealous.

Still you worry.

Still you want them to choose you tomorrow.

Mishi could not decide whether love made a person stronger or weaker.

Perhaps it did both.

It made a person vulnerable to pain, but vulnerability was not necessarily weakness. A locked heart could avoid certain wounds, but it could also avoid certain joys.

The Stoic answer, Mishi thought, was not to stop loving.

It was to love without pretending to own.

That was much harder.

A person could be precious to you and still remain free.

Perhaps that freedom was what made their choosing you worth anything at all.

Death was the final problem.

Mishi had no philosophy about death that she trusted completely.

Nobody knew.

Perhaps there was another beginning. Perhaps there was nothing. Perhaps death was simply the final form of peace, the end of the human cycle, the point at which the questions of a particular life could no longer trouble the person who had asked them.

She did not know.

She had begun to think that saying I do not know was sometimes a more serious philosophical position than inventing an answer.

Death did not have to be understood in order to change the way a person lived.

A goodbye could be precious because it might be final.

A morning could matter because there would not be an infinite number of mornings.

The person sitting beside you could matter precisely because neither of you had been promised forever.

Mishi looked out at the rain.

She thought about all the things she wanted.

She did not want to stop wanting them.

That, she realized, was not the lesson.

The lesson was to want without making the wanting a condition of peace.

To love without demanding possession.

To be insulted without becoming the insult.

To feel without surrendering judgment.

To accept herself without deciding that every part of herself was good.

And perhaps, above everything else, to understand the boundary between what was hers and what was not.

The world would continue refusing her instructions.

People would leave.

People would stay.

Some would misunderstand her.

Some would love her.

Some things would be gained. Others would disappear.

She could not command any of it.

But she could decide what kind of person would stand there when it happened.

For the first time, that seemed like enough.

CHAPTER II

The Freedom of Being Misunderstood

There are few things more exhausting than trying to be understood by everyone.

Mishi had not realized this when she was younger. She had believed, with the stubbornness of youth, that if she explained herself carefully enough, people would eventually see what she meant.

So she explained.

She explained why she had gone quiet. Why she had answered late. Why she had said something and then regretted it. Why she had not smiled. Why she had smiled too much. Why she loved someone. Why she was afraid of losing them.

Every explanation seemed to create another question.

And every question seemed to demand another explanation.

There was always someone who understood her incorrectly.

At first, this frightened her.

Later, it made her tired.

Eventually, it made her curious.

Why did she need them to understand?

The question followed her for several days.

She carried it while walking through crowded streets, while eating, while lying awake at night. She carried it until the question stopped sounding philosophical and started sounding personal.

If someone thought badly of her, what exactly had been taken from her?

Their opinion had changed.

But had she?

Mishi began to see how much of a person's life could be spent trying to control an image that existed only inside other people's minds.

It was an impossible occupation.

A person could behave perfectly and still be misunderstood. She could be kind and be called weak. She could be distant and be called arrogant. She could speak honestly and be called cruel. She could remain silent and be accused of having something to hide.

There was no final performance capable of satisfying every audience.

This realization should have felt depressing.

Instead, it felt strangely merciful.

Perhaps freedom began where explanation ended.

Mishi remembered a woman she had once known who seemed incapable of being disliked.

She watched every word before speaking. She changed her opinions depending on the room. She laughed when others laughed, agreed when disagreement might cause discomfort, apologized even when she had done nothing wrong.

Everyone liked her.

At least, that was what Mishi thought.

Then one evening the woman admitted that she was exhausted.

“I don't know which version of me is real anymore,” she said.

Mishi had no answer.

The sentence stayed with her.

There was something terrifying about becoming so agreeable that even your own reflection begins to look like a stranger.

Stoicism, Mishi thought, demanded something almost opposite.

Not rudeness.

Not indifference.

Something more difficult: integrity.

To know what you believe and act according to it even when applause is absent.

This did not mean refusing advice. A wise person listens. A foolish person assumes every criticism is an attack.

But listening was not the same as surrender.

Someone could tell Mishi that she was selfish. She could examine the accusation. Perhaps it was true. Perhaps she had behaved badly. If so, she could change.

But she did not have to accept the accusation merely because it hurt.

This distinction mattered.

A criticism could be information.

It could also be noise.

Wisdom was partly learning the difference.

One afternoon Mishi found herself thinking about a tree.

It stood outside an old building, bent slightly toward the street.

People passed it without looking.

Children climbed it. Dogs stopped beneath it. Rain darkened its bark. Someone had carved initials into its trunk many years ago.

The tree did not appear offended.

Mishi smiled at the thought.

Of course it did not care what people thought of it.

It simply existed.

Then she caught herself.

She was turning a tree into a philosopher.

But perhaps there was something in it.

The tree had no reputation to maintain.

Humans did.

A reputation could become another kind of prison. Once a person became known as clever, they feared looking foolish. Once known as strong, they feared admitting weakness. Once known as kind, they feared saying no.

A person could become trapped inside the character other people had written for them.

Mishi wondered whether this was why people sometimes behaved strangely when nobody was watching.

Perhaps solitude was frightening because the audience disappeared.

Without an audience, who were you performing for?

She began to notice the difference between solitude and loneliness.

Loneliness said, I wish someone were here.

Solitude said, I can remain here with myself.

They were not the same.

Mishi had feared being alone for much of her life. Not because silence itself frightened her, but because silence removed distractions. In a crowded room, she could forget herself. Alone, she had to meet the person she had been avoiding.

Her own thoughts could be more demanding than any crowd.

There were questions she could not escape.

What if I fail?

What if they leave?

What if I am ordinary?

What if nobody remembers me?

What if I spend my life wanting to become someone else?

The last question stayed the longest.

Because perhaps the desire to become extraordinary could itself become a form of suffering.

There was nothing wrong with ambition. Mishi wanted things. She wanted to experience life rather than merely survive it. She wanted pleasure, love, discovery, stories she could remember.

But there was a difference between wanting a meaningful life and demanding that one's life look meaningful from the outside.

The first belonged to her.

The second belonged to everyone else.

That night she wrote something down.

She did not know whether it was a philosophy or merely a sentence.

“I do not need to be understood by everyone. I need to understand myself honestly enough that misunderstanding does not destroy me.”

She read it twice.

Then she crossed out the word everyone and replaced it with anyone.

She laughed at herself.

Even now, she was trying to make the sentence perfect.

That was when she understood another small truth.

The mind does not stop demanding control merely because you have recognized the desire for control.

You have to practice releasing it.

The next morning, someone misunderstood her.

It was almost comically ordinary.

A sentence she had spoken was repeated to someone else, but not accurately. By the time it returned to her, it sounded like something she would never have said.

For a moment she felt the old anger.

She wanted to correct everything.

She wanted to gather every person involved into one room and reconstruct the conversation word by word.

Then she stopped.

What would she actually gain?

There were times when correction mattered. Lies could damage people. False accusations could have consequences. Silence was not always wisdom.

But this was not one of those times.

This was only a misunderstanding.

And she suddenly realized that she had been preparing to sacrifice an entire afternoon to defend a version of herself that existed in somebody else's imagination.

She let it go.

Not because she was above it.

Because she was tired of paying for things she did not own.

That sentence became important to her.

Things I do not own.

Other people's thoughts.

Other people's choices.

The past.

Tomorrow.

The exact way a person remembers me.

Whether someone stays.

Whether someone leaves.

Even the body she had been given would one day become something she could no longer command.

What, then, remained?

Her judgment.

Her choices.

The way she met what arrived.

Not perfect control. Never that.

Only a small territory of freedom.

Perhaps that was what the Stoics meant by freedom.

Not freedom from pain.

Not freedom from grief.

Not freedom from love.

A person who wanted freedom from all of those things would have to become less human to achieve it.

The better freedom was smaller.

To remain yourself while life changed around you.

To be capable of saying, I did not choose this, but I can choose what I do next.

That sentence did not make suffering disappear.

It simply gave suffering a boundary.

Mishi thought of all the things she had once begged reality to change.

People she wished would understand.

Words she wished she had never heard.

Days she wished she could repeat.

Doors she wished had opened.

Doors she wished had never opened.

None of them moved because she regretted them.

The past did not negotiate.

And perhaps that was why acceptance had to come before peace.

You could not make peace with a world you were still arguing with.

She looked out the window again.

The same rain had returned.

For once, she did not ask what it meant.

She simply watched it.

There was something almost insulting about how ordinary the world remained while a human being was having a revelation.

The rain did not care.

The street did not care.

The tree outside did not care.

And strangely, Mishi did not need them to.

She had spent so long asking the world to confirm that she was enough.

Perhaps the world had never been qualified to answer.

She smiled—not because she had solved anything.

She had not.

But because, for a brief moment, she understood the difference between being unseen and being nothing.

They were not the same.

And she was beginning to suspect that a life could be lived without constantly proving which one she was.

CHAPTER III

What Remains

By the time Mishi understood that she could not control her life, she had already spent years trying to do exactly that.

She had tried to control what people thought of her. She had tried to predict who would stay. She had tried to make love safe, the future certain, and pain reasonable.

None of it had worked.

The strange thing was that the world had not become crueler when she stopped trying to command it. It had merely become more visible.

She began to notice how little of a day actually belonged to her.

The weather changed without permission. People changed their minds. Bodies became tired. Plans collapsed. A sentence spoken carelessly could remain in another person's memory for years. A person could spend a lifetime building something and lose it in an afternoon.

And yet, in the middle of all this uncertainty, there remained one small question.

What will I do with what has been given to me?

Mishi found the question more useful than Why did this happen?

The second question demanded an answer from the universe.

The first demanded an answer from herself.

She did not believe that everything happened for a reason. Some things simply happened. People got hurt. Good people made terrible decisions. Innocent people suffered. Sometimes there was no hidden lesson waiting beneath the tragedy.

But meaning could still be made afterward.

A wound did not need to have been sent for a reason in order for a person to decide what kind of scar she would carry.

Mishi had once thought strength meant not breaking.

She no longer believed that.

Everyone broke somewhere.

Strength, perhaps, was what a person did with the pieces.

She thought about the thief from her earlier thoughts. She understood him differently now. Acceptance did not mean remaining the same. To see yourself clearly was not to surrender to yourself. It was to finally know where the work began.

A person who knows she is jealous can learn not to act cruelly from jealousy. A person who knows she is afraid can learn to move while afraid. A person who knows she wants to be loved can learn not to turn love into ownership.

Honesty with oneself was not the end of morality.

It was the beginning.

Mishi thought often about pleasure too. There was nothing shameful in wanting it. There was pleasure in warm sunlight, in food when one was hungry, in laughter that arrived unexpectedly, in being loved, in the quiet after a long day.

Stoicism, as she understood it, did not demand that she hate pleasure.

It asked her not to kneel before it.

A person could enjoy something without becoming its servant. She could love a beautiful morning without demanding that every morning be beautiful. She could love a person without demanding that they never change.

Perhaps gratitude was simply pleasure without entitlement.

That thought stayed with her.

Pleasure without entitlement. Love without possession. Confidence without arrogance. Acceptance without surrender. Strength without cruelty.

These contradictions seemed to be everywhere.

Maybe life itself was made from contradictions.

She wanted freedom, yet she wanted someone to stay. She wanted peace, yet she still desired things. She wanted to be understood, yet she knew she could never be understood completely.

She feared death, yet she sometimes imagined it as peace.

There was no perfect answer.

Mishi began to think that perhaps philosophy was not the art of finding perfect answers. Perhaps it was the art of learning how to live honestly with imperfect ones.

One evening, she walked farther than she intended. The streets were almost empty. There were lights in distant windows. Somewhere, someone was laughing. Somewhere else, someone was crying. A dog barked once and then became quiet.

The world continued.

It always did.

She thought about death. Not with terror this time. Just with curiosity.

One day she would disappear from this particular arrangement of things. Her voice would stop. Her hands would become still. The thoughts she carried so carefully would end with her, or become something she could no longer recognize.

She did not know what came afterward.

She still did not pretend to know.

Maybe there was nothing. Maybe there was something.

For once, uncertainty did not anger her.

It made the present sharper.

If life was temporary, then perhaps permanence had never been the point.

Perhaps the point was participation.

To be here while here. To love while love was possible. To laugh while laughter came. To grieve when grief arrived. To lose without deciding that loss meant the whole life had been a mistake.

She stopped walking. There was a bench beside the road. Mishi sat down.

For several minutes she did nothing. No philosophy. No argument. No attempt to improve herself. She simply sat.

And suddenly she understood something that had taken her years to approach.

Peace was not a state in which nothing hurt.

Peace was the refusal to make pain into an additional enemy.

Rain could fall. Someone could leave. A plan could fail. An insult could be spoken. A heart could break. Death could wait somewhere ahead.

None of these things had to become a second suffering created by her resistance to the fact that they existed.

She could meet what came.

Not perfectly. Not bravely every time.

But honestly.

Mishi smiled at the thought. She had spent so long looking for a philosophy that would make her invulnerable.

There was none.

And perhaps that was the most useful discovery of all.

The Stoic was not someone who could not be hurt. The Stoic was someone who understood that being hurt did not require becoming helpless.

She could cry and still choose. She could love and still remain free. She could fear and still act. She could lose and still continue.

She could die one day without having needed to conquer death first.

The world would never belong to her.

Perhaps it had never been supposed to.

When Mishi finally stood, the night had become colder. She walked home slowly.

Nothing had changed.

That was important.

The world had not revealed a secret. No voice had spoken from the darkness. No great answer had descended upon her.

There was only the road. Only the cold. Only the lights. Only her footsteps.

And somehow, that was enough.

She reached her door and paused before opening it.

For a moment she thought of all the things she still wanted.

Love. Pleasure. A life that meant something. People who would stay. Days she would remember.

She wanted them all.

She probably always would.

But she no longer needed to make a bargain with the universe.

She would not say, Give me these things, and I will be at peace.

She would say something smaller.

Give me what comes.

Let me meet it well.

Then she opened the door.

Years later, perhaps, she would forget this night. Perhaps she would fail at everything she had just understood. Perhaps she would become jealous again. Perhaps she would beg someone to stay. Perhaps an insult would wound her for longer than it should.

Philosophy did not make a person finished.

It only gave her somewhere to return to.

And Mishi finally understood that this was enough.

Not certainty. Not perfection. Not control.

A direction.

She went inside.

Behind her, the night remained exactly as it had been.

Indifferent.

Beautiful.

Temporary.

And for the first time, Mishi did not ask the world to be anything else.

AFTERWORD

I don't know what this book is supposed to teach you. Maybe that is the wrong question to begin with.

I don't think a book should tell you what to believe. It should give you something to question.

We spend so much of our lives thinking about things we cannot change: what someone thinks of us, what someone feels for us, what happened yesterday, what might happen tomorrow. Somewhere in all that thinking, we forget to live.

Acceptance does not mean becoming cold. It does not mean forgiving everyone, approving of everything, or pretending that nothing hurts. Sometimes acceptance is simply saying, I know this happened. I cannot change it. Now what?

You cannot control another person's mind. You cannot control their choices. You cannot even completely control your own emotions. But you can decide what you do with them. Perhaps strength begins there—not in feeling nothing, but in feeling something without immediately becoming its prisoner.

I have also come to believe that wanting nothing can be more dangerous than wanting too much. A person who expects nothing may avoid disappointment, but they may also stop reaching for anything. Perhaps the answer is not to stop wanting, but to want without becoming dependent on the thing you want.

Love someone, but remember they are free to leave. Work toward something, but remember the result is not entirely yours. Hope for tomorrow, but don't sacrifice today to it.

And if you ever read something that sounds convincing—something in this book included—don't believe it simply because it sounds wise.

Question it. Question me. Question yourself.

Because if there is one thing I would rather this book leave you with, it isn't an answer. It is the courage to question the answers you already have.

— Yuri Salbirong Ch. Momin